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The Historical Society of Trappe, Collegeville,
Perkiomen Valley

9-4-1890

Providence Independent, V. 16, Thursday,
September 4, 1890, [Whole Number: 794]

Providence Independent

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Persistent in the Right; Fearless in Opposing Wrong.

VOLUME 16.

COLLEGEVILLE, PENN'A. SEPTEMBER 4, 1890.

WHOLE NUMBER, 784

RAILROADS.

PERKIOMEN RAILROAD.

Passenger trains leave Collegeville Station as follows:

FOR PHILADELPHIA AND POINTS SOUTH.	
Milk.....	6.36 a. m.
Accommodation.....	8.02 a. m.
Market.....	1.10 p. m.
Accommodation.....	4.16 p. m.
FOR ALLENTOWN AND POINTS NORTH AND WEST.	
Mail.....	7.59 a. m.
Accommodation.....	9.02 a. m.
Market.....	3.20 p. m.
Accommodation.....	6.47 p. m.
SUNDAYS—SOUTH.	
Milk.....	6.36 a. m.
Accommodation.....	6.12 p. m.
NORTH.	
Accommodation.....	7.54 a. m.
Milk.....	7.18 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.

SHORT AND DIRECT ROUTE TO PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK, NEW ENGLAND, THE SOUTH AND WEST.

On and after June 26, 1890,

TRAINS LEAVE COLLEGEVILLE (Via Perkiomen R. R., connecting at Perkiomen Junction) as follows:

FOR PHILADELPHIA—week days, 6.36, 8.02, a. m., 1.10, 4.16, p. m. Sundays, 6.36, a. m., 6.12, p. m.

FOR NEW YORK—week days, 6.36, 8.02, a. m., 1.10, 4.16, p. m. Sunday, 6.36, a. m.

FOR PHOENIXVILLE, POTTSTOWN AND READING—week days, 8.02, a. m., 4.16, p. m. Sundays, 6.36, a. m.

Trains for Baltimore, Washington, the South and West, via B. & O. R. R., leave Girard Avenue Station (P. & R. R.) at 4.16, 8.01, 11.27, a. m., 1.24, 4.24, 5.45, 7.20, p. m. Sundays, 4.16, 8.01, 11.27, a. m., 4.24, 5.45, 7.20, p. m.

ATLANTIC CITY DIVISION.

Leave Philadelphia, Chestnut Street Wharf and South Street Wharf.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Week days—Express, 8.00, 9.00, 10.45 a. m., (Saturdays only 1.20, 2.00, 3.00) (Saturdays only 8.30,) 4.00, 5.00, 6.00 p. m. Accommodation, 8.00 a. m., 4.15, 6.30 p. m. Sundays—Express, 4.15, 7.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 a. m. Accommodation, 8.00 a. m., and 4.30, p. m.

RETURNING, LEAVE ATLANTIC CITY.

Depot, corner of Atlantic and Arkansas Avenues.

Week days—Express, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00 a. m., 4.00, 5.30, 9.45 p. m. Accommodation, 6.00, 8.10 a. m., and 4.30, p. m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.45 p. m. Accommodation, 7.30 a. m., and 5.05 p. m.

C. G. HANCOCK, Gen. Pas. Ag't.

A. A. McLEOD, Pres. and Gen. Manager.

Our Country.

Our thought of thee is glad with hope,
Dear country of our love and prayers;
Thy way is down to fatal slope,
But up to freer sun and airs.

Tried by its furnace fires, and yet
By God's grace only stronger made;
In future tasks before thee set
Thou shalt not lack the old-time aid.

The fathers sleep, but men remain
As true and wise and brave as they;
Why count the loss without the gain?
The best is that we have to-day.

No lack was in thy primal stock,
No weakling founders builded here;
There were the men of Plymouth Rock,
The Puritan and the Cavalier.

And they whose firm endurance gained
The freedom of the souls of men,
Whose hands unstained in peace maintained
The wordless Commonwealth of Penn.

And time shall be the power of all
To do the work that duty bids;
And make the people's Council Hall
As lasting as the Pyramids.

Thy lesson all the world shall learn,
The nations at thy feet shall sit;
Earth's furthest mountain tops shall burn
With watch fires from thine own uplift.

Great, without seeking to be great
By fraud or conquest—rich in gold;
But richer in the large estate
Of virtue which thy children hold.

With peace that comes of purity,
And strength to simple justice due,
So owns our loyal dream of thee,
God of our fathers! make it true.

Oh, land of lands! to thee we give
Our love, our trust, our service free;
For thee thy sons shall nobly live,
And at thy need shall die for thee.

—John G. Whittier.

JIM, THE TRAMP.

He was a bad lot! Magistrates, jail chaplains, and police had all at various times told him so, and he quietly accepted their judgment, knowing it to be pretty near the truth. An outcast from his very babyhood, what chances had he ever had? Left by an unfeeling mother to die in a roadside ditch, he had been taken to the nearest Union to be brought up to a workhouse foundling, until he was old enough to be bound 'prentice and the guardians could wash their hands of him entirely. A drunken saddler covenanted to clothe, board, and teach him his trade; and at his hands poor Jim had a dog's life, until, goaded to madness by every species of ill-treatment, he struck his master and fled. For a while he tried hard to get work in the villages through which he passed; but no one would take on the strange, friendless lad, and he made up his mind to enlist for a soldier.

But ill-luck would not let him go. He was routed out of an old stable by a zealous member of the city police, and charged next day with sleeping out at night, or some equally heinous crime, the result being that he was committed

to prison for seven days. This broke down his last shred of self-respect; and when that happens to man or boy, heaven help him, for his doom is sealed.

Jim came out of jail utterly reckless, with a wild hatred of everybody and everything. He thought no more of soldiering or getting work, but let himself drift resolutely to the bad. He soon got into vicious company, and before many weeks were over was again in the clutches of the law. The downhill road is an easy one, and the pace always rapid, and so at thirty years of age he was pretty widely known to the authorities as a confirmed rogue and thief, who would not stick at trifles when once he was roused.

Yes, there was no doubting it, he was an out-and-out bad lot! And he looked it, too, as he slouched along the country lane with hands deep in his empty pockets and his head bent to meet the rain which the November wind drove in his face. But he was too much used to discomfort to heed the weather, and plodded sullenly on through the puddles in the deepening gloom, half asleep, and so utterly careless of everything around that he never heard the beat of hoofs until a cheery voice cried: "Now, my good fellow, if you do not want the whole road to yourself, perhaps you will let me pass."

Jim never looked round, but slunk closer to the dripping hedgerow, and expecting the horseman to ride on without another word, but something quite unexpected happened, for the cheery voice said "Thanks!"

It was the first time any one had ever thanked the good-for-nothing, and he started up in blank amazement and saw a man of about his own age, in red coat and top boots plentifully bespattered with mud, looking down at him from the back of a weight-carrying hunter without the least gleam of aversion or suspicion on his pleasant, fresh-colored face.

"You look rather done up; been long one the road?"

"A week an' more!" The reply was surly enough—not that Jim resented the question, but simply because he was so well used to insults and rough speaking that the idea of a "blooming swell" speaking civilly to such as he took him utterly by surprise.

"Going home?"

Jim gave a contemptuous grunt. "Never ha yan, guv'nor!"

"Poor chap! But you live somewhere, I suppose?"

"Oh yes,"—with a grim chuckle—"I live somewhere—anywhere. I'm not like some folks, must have everything tip-top. No; that's not my style. Ye've a big house, in course, and lots of slaves to wait on ye. I lives just where I can, and has to fend for myself, and don't often get my meals reg'la."

"But you have friends somewhere, I suppose?"

"No; not me! There's never a single soul, guv'nor, in this wide world as cares a rap for me; and when I lies down some day and dies in a ditch, there'll noan be man, woman or child, as'll miss me. None'll be sorry, 'cep'tin' the parish bums as'll have to put me underground, and they'll grudge doing of that even."

Jim gave a short ugly laugh and slouched on, the water squish, squish, squashing out of the rents of his old boots at every step. He quite expected the "swell" to ride off now and leave him to the rapidly deepening gloom and the wild, cheerless night; but the horse was kept steadily alongside of him, and his rider spoke again.

"Can't you get into regular work and leave this tramp business?"

"No; there's none'll have the likes of me. I don't look respectable enough."

"Nonsense, man. Don't get down on your luck, but pick yourself up. Now, look here; I will give you a chance myself, if you will take it."

Jim could not believe his ears. Some one actually talking to him as if he was an honest man, and not some sort of vermin or venomous beast. A real "tip-top gentleman," too. He must be muddled. But the brown eyes were looking coolly enough at him, and their owner was saying: "Well, what do you say?"

"Yer don't know what I be; I'm a bad lot! I've been in quod oft enough," blurted out Jim, feeling somehow he could not take his new-found patron in.

"I dare say you have, and deserved

it, too. But I believe you can pull round yet if you like; and, as I said, I will give you the chance of regular work and pay. Will you take it?"

In the depth of Jim's warped nature there glimmered something like a spark of gratitude and a dim longing after a new life, for a moment; but old habits were strong for him, and the clouds closed darker again as he shook his head and said in tones which tried to be civil: "No, guv'nor; yer mean well; but it's no go now. I'm no good for anything but cadging and tramping, an' I doan want to work for any master—an' won't, neyther."

He expected an angry lecture and round abuse for refusing; but the other said quietly, stroking his boot with the handle of his hunting-crop: "That is a dangerous way of thinking, my friend, and will get you into trouble again. You are a fool not to try to pull out a bit; but you know your own affairs best. Well, here is supper and a bed for you, anyway. Look out." He tossed a half crown to Jim with careless, easy good-nature, and, shaking up his horse, trotted off with a nod and a "good-luck."

How costless a word or two of sympathy are, and yet how priceless they may become! How easy to be gracious, and yet how far-reaching the results! We scatter kindly greetings here and there as we journey on life's roadway, and lo! they spring up bright flowers to gladden some sad, weary wayfarer.

Hugh Boynton, smoking his high-priced Havana after dinner that evening in the luxurious ease of his favorite lounging-chair, had utterly forgotten all about the few words and silver coin which he had thrown to the tramp whom he had overtaken as he rode home from bounds. Jim, curled up under the lee of a clover rick, turned the half crown over and over in his hand, and thought of how for once in his life he had been spoken kindly to by a real gentleman.

Five dreary years passed over Jim's luckless head, their monotony broken by police court, prison cell, and vagrant ward experiences. He had wandered up and down some dozen counties, and seen the inside of most of their jails, and now, had drifted toward York. He had scarcely tasted food for a week, and had almost forgotten the feel of a copper coin.

The afternoon was closing as he found himself in the long straggling village of Marston, footsore and done up. The lights at the grocer's shop threw a broad band of brightness across the road, and Jim could see a man in a white apron busily piling up a pyramid of loaves which a boy had just brought in crisp and hot from the bakehouse. The sight was too much for the famished fellow, and he pushed his way into the shop. "Now, then, what is it?" cried the shop man sharply, as he scanned Jim's tattered appearance.

"Will you give me yan ov them little uns, guv'nor? I'm nigh clemmed; and he nodded toward the bread pile.

"No, certainly not; I never give to beggars or tramps."

"I've not tasted bite nor sup this blessed day, God knows."

"Can't help that! Come, get out of the shop, do you hear?—or I'll set the constable onto you. The likes of you ought not to be allowed to go about the country. Come, off with you!"

So the social outcast went forth into the night hungry and insulted, and the sleek tradesman rubbed his hands and stacked his loaves, congratulating himself the while on his refusal to countenance a worthless vagabond, who, regarded from the lofty standpoint of political economy, had no right to live on the earth.

Three times did Jim try his luck down the length of the village street, with no better success; and then he gave it up and bitterly left the houses of his fellow-creatures behind him and faced the bleak open country again. He dragged himself along for a few weary miles, then opening a cave crawled into a half ruined cowshed and flung himself down upon some bracken and straw litter in the furthest corner, and dozed off. When he woke up the moon had risen, and was shining in through the chinks of the roof, and Jim could see the country-side was white with snow. He shivered and buried himself completely in the brack and tried to sleep again and forget the cold and his hunger. He had almost succeeded, when the sound of voices came to him on the still night air, and a minute later three men entered the shed.

"Curse the cold!" growled one as he drew back just within the shadow.

"Curse him, you mean," said another as he leaned a thick oak cudgel against the wall and began to blow upon his numbed fingers.

"I'll do more than curse him when the time comes," answered the first speaker.

"Ay, he'd best not have taken us i' hand. Says he, when with the rest of t' beaks he sentenced Tim and Jeff: 'The poaching rascals shall be stopped, if I have to do it single handed.'"

"Well, he'll be single-handed to-night, anyways, for he's no groom wi' him. So he can try what he's good for wi' three ov us; eh, Jack?"

"He'll find it a tough job, I'm thinking."

"Is t' wire right, Bob?"

"Surely! His mare steps high; but I've 'lowed for it, she'll catch beautifully. It's past twelve now; he oughtn't to be long."

"Hist! mate; there's wheels. Now for't. Come on."

The three men went out quickly, and Jim, following to the door, saw them leap into the road and hide in the hedge on the opposite side; then he stole down to the gate, out of mere curiosity to watch what their game was. In a few minutes the ring of hoof-gears grew louder, and a high-wheeled dog-cart spinning round a corner came rapidly down the lane. It was occupied by one figure only, the red glow of whose cigar gleamed in the frosty air; and just as the scent of it reached Jim he saw the horse suddenly plunge and stagger forward. The wire-snare had done its work, the animal fell heavily, and the driver, thrown off his balance by the shock, shot out on to the snow. Before he could rise, the men were upon him; but somehow he managed to shake them clear and struggle to his feet. He faced them boldly and met their rush with a right and left-handier which sent one to the ground, but the other two closed in upon him.

Jim looked on with languid interest. Evidently it was some magistrate waylaid by three men who had a score to settle against him. It was no business of his, anyway, and though three to one was hardly fair, he was not going to interfere. The gentleman fought well, whoever he was, and again sent an assailant backward with a well-aimed blow. But the odds were too heavy, and the cudgels told. He began to stagger and give ground, and a blow on the head beat him down. "Give it him, lads, if we swing for't," cried the tallest of the three villains, jumping upon him, mad and blind with rage.

A ray of moonlight fell upon the upturned face of the fallen man; it was that of the gentleman who five years ago had talked with Jim in the lane! In an instant he was over the gate and at the men like a tiger-cat, and so suddenly was his onset that they gave ground; then, seeing he was alone, they rushed at him with oaths and threats. Weak from want of food and half dead with cold, poor Jim had never a chance. For a few seconds he held up doggedly against the shower of blows; then feeling he was done for, stooped suddenly, flung his arms around the senseless Squire, and with one last effort managed to roll into the deep ditch, keeping himself uppermost. The brutes jumped down and strove to make him loose his hold of their victim; but stunned and blinded with blood, he clung fiercely to Mr. Hugh Boynton, sheltering his body with his own.

The world began to spin around—another and another heavy blow—a chiming of far-off bells—a hollow buzzing—and then—black night for ever!

Next morning they were found together in the trampled, blood-smeared ditch—one living, the other dead.

Hugh Boynton often wonders, as he looks at the white stone which he put up over a nameless grave, who his preserver was. But the recording angel will one day tell how Jim, the tramp, the "out-and-out bad lot," gave his life for the man who once spoke kindly to him.—*Chamber's Journal.*

Mount Adams' Ice Caves.

Away up 4,000 feet above the Columbia river, at the base of Mount Adams, whose symmetrical cone like peak is covered with perpetual snow, lies a beautiful little lake surrounded by broad meadows and fed by a stream of purest water, taking its rise in the snow

fields ten or twelve miles away. The caves are within a few miles of Trout Lake, for so this mountain gem, like hundreds of others in this wonderful country of lakes, is called, for the reason that trout-filled basins are so common that the discoverer, averse to taxing his brain for an original name, has seen fit to dub his find with his first thought. As yet only six large caves have been discovered, but as the whole country gives forth a hollow, reverberating sound to the heel tap of the hobnailed mountain shoe of the visitor, it is highly probable there are many more.

One of these ice caves, the largest one, is used by the farmers as a cold storage ware house for butter and milk, and certainly answers the purpose admirably. The entrance is like into a cistern, and the adventurer lowers himself into the chilly atmosphere by means of a rope. The interior of the cave is composed of one large apartment about eighty feet square. The cave is walled with ice around, above and below; with huge icicles of stalactite and stalagmite formation, obstructing a complete view, as well as forming obstacle to exploration, but affording the most gorgeous pictures in the light of a flaming pitch torch.

The effect is simply indescribable, but at the same time most fascinating, especially when seen on a hot August day. The huge pendants of pure, translucent ice reflect and scintillate the ruddy glow of the torch in a bewildering maze of color and a thousand rays of light.

The air is a clear, dry cold, even on the hottest day. There is no dampness or moisture; the ice is not melting, but is hard and cold and dry, as in midwinter. A few moments in the cave and one's very blood is chilled, a fact which is as yet, no doubt, the cause of a thorough exploration of the cave never having been made. There are, perhaps, other and adjoining caverns, which very probably open out from the main apartment and form an Icelandic labyrinth.—*Spokane Falls Review.*

A Feathered Priest of Evil.

A CALM RECITAL OF THE WOES THAT ONE PARROT WAS THE CAUSE OF.

Parrots are priests of evil, if the deductions of a French student of criminal statistics are true. He asserts that persons who own parrots are twenty-five times as likely to be criminals as those who do not—that is to say taking equal numbers of owners and non-owners of parrots, twenty-five of the former have criminal records where only one of the latter has encountered the penal code. If the Frenchman had studied the nature of the crimes committed by the two classes he probably would have found that the criminal parrot owners are twenty-five times as vicious as the ordinary criminal.

The Frenchman may be correct in his deductions, but he did not go far enough. He ought to have gone into the next house—to all the houses in the block in which a parrot resides—and there collect the criminal statistics of the neighborhood. The parrot's first knowledge of the language is its profane vocabulary. He is a wonderful inducement to profanity. His choice of literature is Zola's works. A Dear-born avenue parrot never ceased his railings against the human race until a volume of that wicked author was chained to his perch.

The parrot's face is sufficient to guarantee its picture a place in the rogues' gallery. It has the red nose of a bummer, the evil eye of a confidence man and the voice of a grave robber. Music takes the wire edge off the savage instincts, the poet says. If the parrot's song gushes from its heart, its sentimental nature must consist of a nail factory.

The young man who owns the Dear-born avenue parrot tried to teach it to sing. He experimented with different instruments to get a key that would cord one day when a troubadour saw-flier began a solo on his stringed instrument in the woodshed. The parrot sung in the precise key of the saw file, and the neighborhood at once flung itself against the ten commandments. The first was violated in the remarks that greeted the duet in its upper registers. From that the descent was easy to covetousness and murder—a desire to possess and kill the parrot.

This young man was paying court to

a most exemplary young woman in the neighborhood. He was not a two-to-five favorite of her father. In face, the old gentleman had refused to subscribe for either the preferred or common stock of the trust in which the young folk had combined their confidence in each other. One beautiful moonlight evening, when the stars were gossiping about Jupiter and Venus as they spun their golden threads through the fate of this loving pair, a gruff, cold piercing, unsympathetic voice screamed:

"Ha, ha, you villain!"

The young man who had never heard Alderman Dixon in the heat of debate in the City Council, was startled. He rolled down the stone steps on which he had been sitting and started down the street as if he were going to win in a canter. The old gentleman was aroused and started in hot pursuit. The neighbors sold pools on the result and were arrested by Corrigan's policemen for betting on the races. From that moment affairs became worse in that neighborhood. A worthy gentleman in the next block was elected Alderman and introduced a gas ordinance in the Council. Another became a Constable and entered upon a criminal career.

The young girl eloped with the leader of the choir. The old man started in pursuit of the erring young woman, boarded a Clark street car; the cable broke when the train was in the middle of the tunnel and the electric lights went out. The old gentleman, though a deacon, used violent language touching the president of the company. The minister happened to be in the grip smoking a Milwaukee avenue perfecto. A church scandal resulted, in which the girl's father was tried for conduct unbecoming a deacon and the minister was unfrocked because he had violated the smoke ordinance.

The upshot of the whole matter was that the parrot was banded for witchcraft and thus peace was finally restored. The choir singer became a Board of Trade broker and made a million in a wheat corner. The ex-deacon became a banker and is now living in Canada in luxury. The ex-preacher dealt in race horses and is winning heavy pools on the West Side.

But the parrot is dead.

The Bid was Withdrawn.

In Jacksonville, Fla., in the winter of 1848, an auction sale of the personal estate of a deceased planter, comprising some seventy or eighty slaves and other "chattles," was held in the public market place. I was glad of the opportunity to see for myself how such things were done. On beginning the sale the auctioneer announced that families would not be separated, but would be sold in "lots." After a number of "lots" had been duly brought to the block and knocked down to the highest bidder, a bright looking boy was brought forward and placed upon the stand. The auctioneer at the same time called an old colored man among the crowd to come up and stand beside the boy. He did so, and the auctioneer then said:

"Gentlemen, the old man is this boy's father; he lives in the West Indies, and is a free man. He wants to buy the boy and take him to his home and make him free. He bids \$400, which is all the money he has."

The intent of this statement was evidently to discourage any advance on that bid, and it touched a sympathetic chord in the audience. The crowd watched the proceedings for a minute or two in silence, while the auctioneer dwelt upon the bid of \$400, and was calling it for the third and last time, when, from the outskirts of the crowd, a voice bid "Fifty." Every eye was at once turned in the direction of the bidder, who was a rough, dissipated looking fellow, typical slave trader in appearance. The auctioneer paused a moment, looked annoyed, and then repeated his previous statement concerning the old man, emphasizing the remark that \$400 was all the money he had. "And now," said he, "I am bid four hundred and fifty." From a dozen voices came the cry: "Withdraw your bid!" The auctioneer awaited the result. The bidder growled a surly refusal, saying he "wanted that boy, and had as good a right to bid as anybody."

"Four hundred and fifty," came slowly from the lips of the auctioneer. The shouts of "Withdraw your bid!" were repeated in angry tones on every side. "Well," said the bidder, "I withdraw it."

The auctioneer quickly went back to

the original bid, on which he dwelt two or three times, when down went his hammer. "Sold at four hundred. Old man, the boy is yours; take him down." The crowd cheered, and the principal figure in this little drama who, the moment before, had been the picture of despair, hurried down from the stand smiling and happy.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Star Mizar.

Every observer of the heavens, who knows by name some of the brightest stars, is familiar with the constellation called the Great Dipper, visible in the northern sky through the whole night and throughout the year. It consists of seven stars, four in the bowl and three in the handle. An interesting discovery has recently been made by Professor Pickering, of the Harvard University observatory, concerning one of the stars of this beautiful group. Mizar is the name of the star. It is the middle star in the handle, is of the second magnitude, and has attracted much attention ever since men began to study the stars, because even to the naked eye it is double. It has a companion, Alcor, plainly visible to observers endowed with good visual power. Alcor is of the fifth magnitude, and is about 11' distant from Mizar. The tiny star seems to be growing brighter, for the Arabians considered it a severe naked eye test, and it is now comparatively easy to detect. The telescope shows plainly that Mizar is a double star, its components being of the third and fifth magnitudes, the one a brilliant white, the other a pale emerald. The marvelous discovery is now made that the larger star of the pair is also double, the two stars that compose it being so close together that the telescope cannot separate them. The spectrum of a star, like the solar spectrum, consists of the seven primary colors, crossed by dark lines. These lines form a kind of astronomical alphabet. If the star is coming toward us, they shift toward the violet end of the spectrum. If the star is receding, they shift toward the red end. Two stars very near together, having the same spectrum, cannot be distinguished from a single star as long as they are at rest. If they revolve round each other in a plane inclined to the line of sight, the lines of their spectra will be single when the stars are in conjunction, and double when they are at elongation. This is the case with Mizar, and the doubling occurs at intervals of fifty-two days. Professor Pickering, therefore, infers that these two stars are immense suns revolving round each other. He estimates that the period of revolution of each sun about the common centre of gravity is one hundred and four days, and that the maximum velocity is one hundred miles a second. These conclusions are the result of measurements of almost inconceivable delicacy.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Rescue of Emin Pasha.

Owing to a delay in the mails on the Ungavi and Mbawa Northern Railroad, the following from *Life's* African correspondent has just come to hand. It is, however, the first authentic report of the meeting of Emin and Stanley: Mr. Stanley approached Emin's headquarters about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, softly whistling "Little Annie Rooney." He rapped at the door of Emin's tent, and Emin himself answered the summons.

"How do you do, Emin?" said Stanley.

"I beg your pardon," said Emin.

"You have the advantage of me."

"I am Henry M. Stanley."

"I don't care. I don't want any subscription books, and I read 'The Dark Continent' a long time ago."

"But I have come to rescue you."

"I don't want to be rescued."

"Well, you've got to be rescued. Put on your coat and come along."—*Life.*

Used To It.

Mistress—"Bridget, I wouldn't hang the clothes on the electric wire. You may get shocked."

Bridget—"Sure, mum, I've seen 'em all before."—*Munsey.*

A Crucial Test.

"When did you first notice this loss of memory of which you speak?"

"About a week after I had loaned him five dollars."—*Puck.*

Providence Independent.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

COLLEGEVILLE, MONTG. CO., PA.

E. S. MOSER, Editor and Proprietor.

Thursday, September 4, 1890.

If pugilism is to become one of the accomplishments of a Congressman, John L. Sullivan of Boston, is entitled to respectful consideration and a big majority.

When money bags and good morals get to playing hide-and-seek among sundry politicians, good morals soon drop out of sight and the money-bags happily give up the search.

We are constrained to remind the *Herald and Times*, of Norristown, that the habit of making garbled editorial extracts sometimes exhibits a very reprehensible aspect. Our contemporaries will please remember this observation. It can do them no harm.

The importance attached to Labor Day, is not as far-reaching perhaps as might be hoped for by those who were instrumental in placing this additional legal holiday on the calendar. The truth is that most people prefer to choose their own holidays and choose them when holidays suit them best.

It will require considerable thunder and lightning, metaphorically speaking, to purify the atmosphere about Washington. The miasmatic influences of debauched morals have been extensively at work for some time. Money bags in politics are sowing the seed for a fearful harvest by-and-by.

BILLINGSBATE, indecent vulgarity and fustian characterized the House of Representatives at Washington Wednesday of last week. Representative Cannon uttered remarks sufficiently indecorous in character to drive the ladies from the galleries, while two other members labored to disfigure countenances. What a picture to spread before the American people!

The Senate bill granting Mrs. Hart a pension of \$100 per month has been reduced to \$50 per month in the House. General Hart was a true soldier, and performed great service for the government when it needed just such men to fight its battles. And now to quibble over the proposed pension for the support of his widow, in view of recent profligate pension legislation is worse than childish folly. It is disgraceful in the extreme.

VERMONT voted Tuesday for State officers, two Representatives to Congress and a full list of State Senators and Representatives. At this writing the returns are somewhat meagre. The indications are that the Republican vote will show a large decrease. The Republican majority over all in towns so far heard from is 3,873, against 7,750 in 1888. If the vote in the remaining towns corresponds with those heard from the Republican majority will be the smallest since the institution of the biennial elections.

BENJAMIN C. POTTS, a large woolen manufacturer of Delaware county, has challenged Senator Robinson, now candidate for Congress, to a joint discussion of the tariff in Media. He proposes to show that the Mills tariff bill gives better protection to labor than either the present tariff or the McKinley bill. It is thought that candidate Robinson will accept. If Mr. Potts has any ammunition left at the close of his engagement with Mr. Robinson, we hope he will come up to Montgomery county and discuss the tariff question with Mr. Wanger, the Republican Congressional candidate of the Seventh district. Mr. Wanger seems to be very deeply in love with the McKinley bill, and apparently feels pretty certain that the McKinley bill is just the thing. Unless somebody directly disagrees with him soon he will be ready to affirm that the McKinley bill is better than the Constitution and more in accord with "the boys." If Mr. Potts won't do it somebody else must.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our regular correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C. Aug. 29, 1890.—The floor of the House has been more like a prize ring than like the business place of a great legislative body during the present week. Bad manners and rowdiness have been rampant, and every self-respecting citizen has blushed for shame at the picture presented. Think of one member calling another a blank blank liar and attempting to strike him with his fist. That's what Representative Mason, of Illinois, did to Representative Walker, of Massachusetts. That he apologized for it five minutes afterwards does not excuse the exhibition of bad taste.

That was bad enough but worse followed, when representative Wilson, of

Washington, called Representative Beckwith of New Jersey, a liar, Mr. Beckwith retorted by calling Mr. Wilson a blank blank son of a blank whereupon Mr. Wilson struck Mr. Beckwith and the two men clinched. Other members and the Sergeant-at-Arms quickly separated the would-be belligerents.

And what was it all about? The compound lard bill was the cause of it all. The opponents of that measure, being in the minority, have resorted to everything they could think of to prevent the bill being voted upon, and one of their methods has been for enough members to leave the chamber to break quorum every time an attempt has been made to take a vote. This so angered Representative Cannon, who champions the bill, that he introduced a resolution practically black listing forty four members of the House whom he named on account of this new method of obstruction. This raised all the row.

Some very ugly accusations are made against some of the gentlemen who are opposing this lard bill prohibiting dealing in options on agricultural products, both of which measures are warmly supported by the farmers of the country. Representative Butterworth, who favors both bills, and who is the author of the last named, says: "If the farmers of the country will carefully watch the Congressional Record they will see what all their bills, and they ought to know what remedy to apply. The lard bill is as just a measure as ever challenged the attention of the House; it simply puts counterfeiting food products under the ban of the law. The bill which treats with gambling in farm staples has a far more difficult subject to deal with. To strike the evil and yet protect legitimate trade and commerce is not easy. There is no form of gambling that is so injurious in its effects upon the community and none that is more difficult to suppress. Trading in farm staples is all right, but gambling in them is a crime against society and ought to be punished as such." Speaking of the powerful lobby working against these two bills is more powerful than I have ever known to be exerted for or against any other measure."

The agreement to begin voting on the Tariff bill September the 8th, has been formally ratified by unanimous consent of the Senate. Mr. Plumb, who seems to be cultivating the habit of speaking out in meeting, after hanging the whole business up for a day by objecting, raised a smile by referring to the solemn interchange of suggestions between the Senator from Rhode Island (Mr. Aldrich) and the Senator from Maryland (Mr. Gorman) as reminding him of what the governor of North Carolina said to the governor of South Carolina; "and," concluded Mr. Plumb, "I think it is time that the curtain was rung down and the lights put out."

Now that adjournment is at last in sight, there are indications that there may be an extra session, called to meet after the Congressional elections. It has been pointed out to Mr. Harrison that it will be impossible to pass the Election bill; the new apportionment bill and all of the regular appropriation bills during the period which the short session lasts. If the Republicans insist upon passing the election and apportionment bills, and both of them being political the chances are that they will, it is highly probable that all extra sessions of the Fifty-second Congress will have to be called to meet in March or April in order to pass the regular appropriation bills for the next fiscal year. Every year the fact becomes more apparent that it will eventually be an absolute necessity for Congress to be in continuous session.

The statue of Lafayette, presented by France to America, has arrived here. It is to be erected in Lafayette Square, immediately opposite the White House.

Senator Frye says that forty three republican Senators will vote at the next session to change the Senate Rules so as to cut off debate when the majority decides that a bill has been debated long enough. Mr. Frye ought to know; but still one wonders why the Senators who refuse to vote for such a change at the present session will vote for it at the next.

The eleventh member of the present Congress—Representative Watson, of Pennsylvania—died this week. Mr. Watson was on his way to the Capitol when he fell and he never spoke again.

The Record Broken.

SALVATOR RUNS A MILE AT MONMOUTH PARK IN 1.35.

MONMOUTH PARK, August 28.—Salvator has smashed the record for a mile. The announcement appeared on the blackboard that Salvator would carry 110 pounds in his race against time. This meant that the executive committee had refused to reinstate Murphy and that Mr. Haggin had been persuaded to start his horse.

After the third race Salvator was brought on the track, and in company with Rosetta was given his warming up gallop. Then there was a delay, but finally Salvator appeared, followed by Rosetta and another horse, who were to act as pace makers. F. Hall, J. J. Galloway, F. Littlefield, D. D. Withers, W. L. Scott and Trainer Rodgers acted as time-keepers. The first pace maker carried him along at a rapid pace till the head of the stretch, where he was joined by Rosetta. He helped him along, he running easily in the meanwhile until the last furlong was reached, when Bergen sat down to ride, and he passed the winning post like a steam engine. For a few moments there was silence, then 1.35 was hung up, and cheer after cheer rent the air. The fractional time was: Quarter, 23.4; half, 47.4; three-quarters, 1.11.5; mile, 1.35. The second pace maker was Hamona, a four-year-old. She got ten lengths the best of Salvator at the start and he beat her twenty lengths to the half.

Great Scarcity of Food.

It is almost impossible at present to get a Delaware peach and Californians are the only kind to be had. Not only on the Peninsula, but in Georgia and other States from which peaches were shipped last season the crop is a complete failure. In both Pennsylvania and New Jersey the promise of winter fruit is the worst ever known and the great apple belt of Western New York, which in good seasons ships more than a million barrels, has no crop whatever.

Results of Protection.

From the Memphis Avalanche.

The morocco leather manufacturers of Lynn, Mass., in anticipation of the passage of the McKinley bill, which increases the protection of their products, are making arrangements to reduce the number and wages of their workmen in the inverse ratio of the increase of the price of products of the factories. The "protection" of the discouraged workmen will come later—perhaps.

Capacity of 2,000,000 Bushels.

The largest grain elevator in the world was built at Minneapolis Junction in 1886. The building is 336 feet long, 92 feet wide, and 175 feet high. It has storage capacity for 2,000,000 bushels of grain within its walls. During its construction the carpenters and joiners used over 6,500,000 feet of lumber of all kinds, besides thirty-two car loads of nails, which, if packed, would make the enormous amount of 10,000 common kegs; the best calculators say that the actual number of nails used in the mighty building will fall but few, if any, under 20,000,000. The engine used is capable of handling 175,000 to 200,000 bushels of grain per day, or enough during the year to equal the combined products of the State of Minnesota and the two Dakotas. Two hundred and fifty cars have often been loaded at this elevator in ten hours.

He Fell Six Stories.

From the New York Sun.

Five-year-old Charles Pine's parents live on the top floor of the six-story rear tenement at 28 Chrystie street. The rear tenement at 15 Forsyth street nearly joins this one. There is a space between the buildings of about a foot. About 5.30 on Saturday the little boy went to the roof of his home with his mother. He came down again with her, but turned and went back. Before she missed him he had climbed over the low coping that protects the edge of the house and had fallen into the foot-wide space clear to the bottom of the six-story well. The finding of him was described to a *Sun* reporter by a saloon keeper, who occupies the ground floor of 15 Forsyth street.

"Vell, I doid you about dot," he said. "Dis was a Saturday, you know, and it was a Hebrew neighborhood. Vell, eberybody don't work on Saturday, and all of a suddens dey hears a child cry. Dey all runs and peeps into the space between de buildings. 'T was a strange child,' dey cries. Dey lifts him by a window out, and I vashes off his blood and puts some good liquor on him, and his fader comes and takes him to a doctor away. Dot was all and you gets your information from 15 Forsyth street." The only injuries which the doctor could find on the child were a slight scalp wound and a cut hip.

READABLE PARAGRAPHS.

The great Nicaragua Ship Canal, connecting the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, is rapidly being constructed. It is built under American auspices. Everything indicates that about 1897 Americans will be called upon to celebrate the opening of a waterway across the Isthmus, the realization of what has been the dream of engineers and the hope of merchants and marines for nearly three centuries.

A Derby, Conn., boy has found an odd way of making a dollar. He walks along the bank of the Naugatuck river, with a glass fruit jar in his hand, eyeing the ground. When asked what he was looking for he said simply: "Snakes." When asked what he did with them he said: "Sell 'em to de bartenders." It is a fact that Derby saloon-keepers, when they think a man has drank enough quietly slip a snake out of a jar and put it on the counter before the eyes of the inebriated customer. It is said never to fail in working a cure, and the man goes home and sobers up. The boy has caught and sold twenty-nine of the reptiles this season.

Philadelphia Markets.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 30, 1890.	
FLOUR AND MEAL.	
Minnesota clear, - - -	\$4 70 to 5 10
Pennsylvania family, - - -	4 50 to 5 25
Patent and other high grades, - - -	5 75 to 6 25
Eye flour, - - -	3 70 to 3 75
Feed, - - -	\$18 50 to \$19 50 per ton.
GRAIN.	
Wheat—red, - - -	1 01 to 1 07
Corn - - -	54 to 56
Oats - - -	41 to 44
PROVISIONS.	
Mess Pork, - - -	\$13 00 to 14 50
Mess Beef, - - -	8 50 to 9 00
Beef Hams, - - -	17 75 to 18 00
Smoked hams, per pound, - - -	11 1/2 to 12 1/4
Shoulders, - - -	6 1/2 to 8
Lard, - - -	6 1/2 to 7
Butter, - - -	18 to 28
Eggs, - - -	18 to 31
CATTLE.	
Milch Cows, - - -	\$25 00 to \$45 00
Beef Cattle, extra, per pound, - - -	4 1/2 to 4 3/4
" good, " - - -	4 1/2 to 4 3/4
" common " - - -	3 to 3 1/2
Calves, - - -	2 1/2 to 3 1/2
Sheep, - - -	4 to 7 1/2
Lambs, - - -	4 to 7 1/2
Hogs, - - -	6 1/2 to 6 3/4
HAY.	
Average prices for the week ending Aug. 30, 1890:	
Prime Timothy, - - -	\$ 55 to 60 1/2 100 lbs.
Mixed, - - -	45 to 55
Straw, - - -	80 to 90

The National Library in Paris is the largest in the world. It contains 2,500,000 volumes.

Kind friends give attention and hear what we have to say, And we'll tell you where to pass many a pleasant day.

ZIEBER'S PARK.

West Point, Pa.

H. H. ZIEBER, PROPRIETOR.

This is the place of all summer resorts to visit. The park has been renovated, remodeled and put in first-class condition for the season. There will be 150 swings, a table 250 feet long, under cover; also a number of see-saws; likewise toilet houses for ladies and gentlemen, and in case of storm there is shelter for 2,000 persons. Also one of the best photographers in the State always on hand. The Park can be reached from Ninth and Green streets, Philadelphia, to Norristown; thence by Stony Creek Railroad to West Point station, which is but two squares from the park. There is a line of coaches running during the day from the station to the park. 10c round trip.

HERE WE ARE AGAIN!

Quality at the Top!

Prices at the Bottom!

This is the Condition of Affairs with us as regards

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE,

&c., &c., &c.

Come see and wonder at the value we give in STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES.

You will but waste time in going elsewhere before you have seen our stock of

Shoes, - Hats,

FURNISHING GOODS, NOTIONS, &c.

We are showing as fine a line of goods kept in a general store as anyone, and at the lowest living prices.

OUR AIM—To keep the best.
OUR PRINCIPLE—Fair dealing.
OUR AMBITION—To please every one.
OUR PRICE—The lowest.

Yours truly,

Beaver & Shellenberger,
TRAPPE, PA.

Dress Makers

WANTED AT

LEOPOLD'S.

A number of Basque Makers, Skirt Makers, Tailoresses, and also a few Apprentices

Can Have Steady Work

ALL THE YEAR AT GOOD WAGES FOR THE RIGHT KIND OF PERSONS.

Apply now to engage for Autumn at

LEOPOLD'S STORE.

229 HIGH ST.,

POTTSTOWN, PA.



No more of this!

Rubber Shoes unless worn uncomfortably tight, generally slip off the foot.

THE "COLCHESTER" RUBBER CO. make all their shoes with inside of heel lined with rubber. This clings to the shoe and prevents the rubber from slipping off.

Call for the "Colchester"

"ADHESIVE COUNTERS."

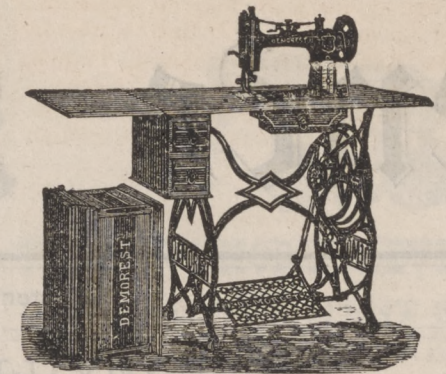
GRAFF SON & CO., Wholesale Agents, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

—AT RETAIL BY—

W. P. FENTON, COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

29my-ly

JUST THINK OF IT!



A DEMOREST SEWING MACHINE FOR \$19.50.

(USUAL PRICE \$55.00.) with all attachments. Money refunded if not as represented.

Direct from the manufacturers the

Snag - Proof Gum Boot!

No better made; every pair warranted to give satisfaction. Full stock of

Freed's Celebrated Hand-made Shoes.

Our ladies \$1.68 buttoned kid shoe has no equal. Fine kid infant shoes only 35c.

DRY GOODS:

Remnants of Canton flannel, 2 to 15 yards, only 10c. yd. Would cost you 12 1/2c. if cut from piece. Calicoes of the best quality for quilting, 8c. yd. East color gingham, 4 yds. for 25c. Cheviots, good, 4 yds. for 25c. 2 yds. for 25c. An elegant feathered ticking, 15c. yd. All-wool bed blankets, very cheap, \$2.35. Horse blankets from 75c. to \$3.00. You should see our 38c. Cassimeres, half-wool. Quilting cotton, 10 to 15c. lb.

HATS AND CAPS.—Latest styles gents' stiff and soft hats for fall and winter. An elegant Derby hat for \$1.50. A good every-day wool hat for 25c. Large assortment of neckwear, underwear, &c. A big drive in 28 inch umbrellas, 75c. Zellerville hand-knit jackets are here at \$2.50 and \$3.00.

GROCERIES!

Have the finest line of table syrup in the market. Extra No. 1 fat new mackerel and mackerel in buckets, \$1.30. Fine white fish, 6c. lb. Pure white wine vinegar, 25c. gal. New York full cream cheese a specialty. Try a pound of Libby's Coffee, 32c. Extra fine flavor Rio Coffee, 25c. Beautiful patterns of Oil Cloths at 55, 65, 85 and 95c. yd., 2 yds. wide. Always on hand fresh cement, calcined plaster, drugs, oils, paints, &c.

W. P. FENTON, COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

GREATEST BARGAINS

—IN—

Store Goods!

EVER OFFERED IN TRAPPE.

Dress Goods, Muslins, Calicoes, Gingham, Cheviots, Table Linens, &c. Cassimeres, Cottonades, Gents' Furnishing Goods! Hats, Caps, &c. and the

Largest Stock of Shoes

For Men, Ladies and Children, of all kinds, to be found in any country store, and in quality and price we take the lead. Men's Programs, \$1.00. Shoes for Ladies and Men from \$1.25, up to \$5.

Queensware Crockeryware

Earthenware, Hardware, Forks, Rakes, Shovels, Spades, &c.

FRESH GROCERIES

IN FULL ASSORTMENT.

Good Rice, 4 pounds for 25 cents; Peaches, 3 pounds for 25 cents; good Corn, 3 cans for 25 cents. No trash kept in stock.

F. B. RUSHONG, TRAPPE, PA.

Rahn Station Shoe Store.

Having Laid in a Larger Stock of Shoes than Ever, and at the

Very Lowest Prices!

I INVITE YOU TO CALL AND EXAMINE

MY LADIES', MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S

FINE SHOES.

My Kid Shoes are hard to beat, both as to quality and price. I've been in Square Opera and Commercial Sense Too. My Children's Line is full and at prices which defy competition. Men's, Boys' and Ladies' Fine Shoes, a full assortment. Will not say much about them as seeing is believing. My Men's and Boy's everyday wear line is complete. I have the largest stock of Freed Bros. Hand-made Shoes to be found in these parts and at prices which can't be understood. I do not keep poor work, but deal only in shoes and put my whole attention to the business. If you will call you can get suited, save money and be pleased with your bargain. Please give me a call.

Albert W. Loux, IRONBRIDGE, RAHN'S STATION.

THE COLLEGEVILLE

Carriage .. Works!

A New Man at the Old Place.

Having taken possession of the Wheelwright Department of the above Works, I would ask respectfully the old patrons to remain and invite new ones to give me their patronage.

All Kinds of Carriages and Spring Wagons Built to Order.

—REPAIRING—

OF ALL KINDS PROMPTLY AND MECHANICALLY EXECUTED, AT PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES.

Nothing but first-class material used. Satisfaction guaranteed. Give me a trial before going elsewhere.

Very truly yours,
R. H. GRATER.

REMNANTS OF A SEASON!

We have gone through our stock, found here and there two or three Suits of a kind,

Old Pants and the like of that, which we term Remnants of the Season.

YOU CAN BE FITTED!

For we found a great many. The prices we have marked them are one-fourth less

than they were from the start of the season. Remember our

Special Pantaloen Sale!

Is still on. Prices are \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00 for Pants that are strictly all wool.

A. Weitzenkorn & Sons,

The Bargain Clothiers.

Wilkesbarre, Pa. Pottstown, Pa.

AT GOTWALS' STORE,

PROVIDENCE - SQUARE,

You will find just about what you want.

IN THE LINE OF STAPLE DRY GOODS

You can see over 200 different styles and qualities for Suits for Men and Boys, which will be made up to please anyone. Fit guaranteed. SATTEENS AND GINGHAMS, PRINTS AND LAWNS, FOR THE LADIES.

Choice - Groceries - for - Everybody.

Favorite Sewing Machine. Save 50 per cent. by buying Sewing Machines at Gotwals' Store, Providence Square. I sell the Favorite, the best in construction and most easily operated. It runs very easy, and is adapted for tailor work as well as for the dresses. Guaranteed to give satisfaction.

HARDWARE for the builder. A full line of the very best M'coid Paints, (a guarantee sold with every gallon,) and in fact anything you want from a needle to not an anchor. Come all and examine our goods for yourselves. Yours very truly,

JOSEPH G. GOTWALS.

WHEN YOU THINK ABOUT CARPETS

THIS SPRING, remember it is not necessary to go to the city or anywhere else to find the very

CARPETS

You need for your best room or for the least used room in the house. Our new spring stock of

CARPETS

Is now on display, and in it is to be found a choice of patterns, qualities and kinds of

CARPETS

That will be sure to suit all tastes. We are sure that the prices of

CARPETS

Are the lowest that can be made for quality of the kinds we sell. We ask your inspection of these

CARPETS

confident that we can suit you. We take measurements anywhere, sew and put down the

CARPETS

And guarantee our work in every respect.

I. H. BRENDLINGER,

Leading Dealer in Dry Goods, Carpets, Trimmings and Books,

76, 78, 80 and 82 Main St., Norristown, Pa.

COLLEGEVILLE DRUG STORE.

Save your Poultry by using Culbert's Gray Horse and Cattle Powder—Blood Gap Cure for Poultry. A sure Preventative.

Purifier, Liver Regulator and general Condition Powder.

Chamois Skins and Sponges--All Prices.

PURE DELMATIAN INSECT POWDER.

PURE WHITE HELLEBORE FOR INSECTS.

Slug Shot in 5 lb. Packages. Pure Paris Green.

PURE SPICES AND FLAVORING EXTRACTS.

If you want Pure Drugs and of Full Strength, give us a call. A full Line of Proprietary Medicines.

JOSEPH W. CULBERT.

"BAUGH'S OLD STAND-BYS."

Providence Independent.

Thursday, September 4, 1890.

TERMS:—\$1.25 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

This paper has a larger circulation in this section of the county than any other paper published. As an advertising medium the "Independent" ranks among the most desirable papers, having a large and steadily increasing circulation in various localities throughout the county.

It is the aim of the editor and publisher to make the "Independent" one of the best local and general newspapers in the county, or anywhere else, and to this end we invite correspondence from every section.

Home Flashes and Stray Sparks From Abroad.

—The boys of Ursinus have returned.
—Welcome the boys!

—Fine September mornings, such as we have had recently, should serve to put even a croaker in good humor.

—At a marriage curious people watch at the church door to see the tied go out.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

—Not only the young enjoy moon-light promenades!

—The Union Sunday School of Ironbridge will picnic in Elias Rahm's woods on Saturday, September 13.

—Extensive repairs are being made to the dam at Paist's Collegeville Roller Mills. A number of Italians are at work under the supervision of a Philadelphia contractor.

—Miss Sarah Buckwalter, of Philadelphia, is in town, the guest of Mrs. Famous.

—Master Walter David, over on the Jersey shore, has dropped his fishing pole and taken to shooting owls.

—L. B. Wismer advertises fertilizers in another column. See adv.

—The picnic of Wentz's Sunday School at Zieber's Park, last Saturday, was one of the largest gatherings of the season at that popular resort.

—The Schwenkewitz item entered upon its fourteenth year last Friday, amid substantial evidences of prosperity.

—About thirty members of Ironbridge Castle, K. G. E., 104, attended the re-union of the Knights at Roversford last week.

—The public schools of this district opened Tuesday with a large attendance of pupils.

—Mr. Addis Cobb and Miss Maggie Hasenmayer, of Philadelphia, are visiting Miss Flora Lachman, of this place.

—Jonas Knerr, aged 72 years, died at the residence of Daniel Springer, near Roversford, Monday. The deceased leaves a widow and 9 children, 5 daughters and 4 sons. Funeral to-day. Interment in Dismant's cemetery.

—Reuben Kreibitz, a well-known resident at West Point and preacher among the Schwenkfelders, was buried at the Schwenkfelder burying ground, in Townsmin, Sunday morning.

—A young son of James Matthews, of Kennett Square, Chester county, Monday, shot and badly wounded his little sister while playing with a shot gun that was thought not to be loaded.

—Three carp, weighing 8, 6, and 5 pounds, were recently caught in James Stoneback's pond at Ironbridge.

—First Rector: "Is your congregation going to raise your salary this coming year?"

Second Rector: "Well, I don't know; they haven't finished raising my last year's salary yet.—*Smith's and Gray's Monthly.*

—Lawrence Lewis, Jr., a talented and well-known junior member of the Philadelphia bar, was instantly killed at Frazer Junction, Chester county, Tuesday, by being run over by the rear car of a passing train.

—An advertising death notice published in the St. Paul News this week, concludes with the startling query: "Have you been counted?" The census craze follows the people of St. Paul even to the grave.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Together in Death.

On Monday Geo. W. Patton, of Reading, was buried with his wife. They died only three days apart. He was 71 and she 58 years of age.

A Mother's Frightful Jump.

SHE SPRINGS OVER A THIRTY FEET EMBANKMENT TO SAVE HER CHILD.

POTTSWORTH, Sept. 2.—Mrs. David Lafferty, with her two children—one a baby in a coach—visited Mount Zion Cemetery this afternoon. While the mother was resting on the grass the coach started down the incline leading to the canal and in an instant disappeared over the bank into the water. The mother made an effort to overtake the coach, but it was too late. In her solicitude for her babe she plunged over the thirty-foot embankment into the canal and sunk beneath the water. Her cries brought to her rescue two boys, Jacob B. and Edmund L. Smith who carried her in an insensible condition to the bank. After twenty minutes' hard work consciousness was restored. The lifeless body of her child was found entangled in the gearing of the coach at the bottom of the canal and laid beside the agonized mother. The husband and father arrived soon after and the scene that followed was a pitiable one.

On the Diamond.

Last Saturday afternoon the Collegeville base ball experts made an excursion to Limerick Square to test the base ball mettle of the Limerick nine. Nine innings were played, resulting in a score of 6 to 4 in favor of the Collegeville team.

Abroad.

J. Wesley Gotwals, dealer in meats and provisions, left town Sunday and is now abroad, nobody seems to know where. His customers were served Tuesday morning by Harry Johnson. Difficulties, other than financial, are assigned as the cause of his departure.

Died.

Vernon Laura, infant daughter of Charles and Annie Yost, of Philadelphia, died on Thursday, August 28, aged six weeks. The remains were brought here Saturday afternoon and, in the presence of the family and a few relatives, interred in Trinity church cemetery.

The Work of Vandals.

The citizens of Spring City are incensed over the infamous work of some person who has been mutilating and breaking the monuments and tombstones in St. John's Lutheran and the East Vincent and St. Vincent Reformed cemeteries near that place. The miserable wretch, whoever he may be, has been carrying on this work for some time and efforts are being taken to identify him.

Broke Up Camp.

The Cobden Club, of Phoenixville, after a sojourn on Hunsicker's Island, Ironbridge, for ten days, pulled up stakes and folded their canvass Monday. One of the members of the club reports that camp life on the island was quite agreeable. On Monday, prior to leaving, the club was visited by members of the Norristown Base Ball team who spent most of the day trying to catch five-pound bass.

A Very Old Lady.

A number of the children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren of Mrs. Maria Williams (widow of Samuel Williams, formerly of the old Walnut Farm at Black Rock), gathered to celebrate her 94th birthday last Sunday at the residence of her son-in-law, D. R. Buckwalter, Roversford. Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Spare, of this place, were among those present. Mrs. Spare is a daughter of the aged lady who is still quite sprightly.

Buried in Her Bridal Dress.

Another victim of the Mt. Penn Gravity Railroad disaster, Miss Rosa Peiper, was buried last Thursday at Reading. The young lady was to have been married soon, and had already procured her trousseau. She was accordingly buried in her bridal dress, consisting of a white satin gown with cream facings and a long white veil reaching to her feet. On her finger was her engagement ring and at her throat a rosebud. There was a profusion of floral tributes from her many sorrowing friends.

The Squirrel Season.

The season for shooting or otherwise capturing squirrels, opened Monday. One of the marksmen who reside just on the other side of the Perkiomen, arose very early, perhaps before he was quite awake, Tuesday morning, and went forth with his shooting iron to test his marksmanship as well as to dispatch squirrels. After rather a lengthy tramp he succeeded in testing his skill as a shot, but failed somehow in hitting the squirrels. The gunners of Ironbridge, Monday morning, fared much better. They succeeded in shooting nine gray squirrels before eight o'clock. Jersey will have to do better next time.

Exciting Runaway.

Last Friday the mill team belonging to Aaron Reed, of Reed's Mills above Ziegler's farm, became frightened when the fore part of the gearing of the wagon separated from the hind part, and ran away. About a mile above Schwenkewitz the runaways, with the fore part of the wagon still attached to them, collided with a Mr. Harley's light vehicle, turning it over and damaging it considerably. Both the occupant of the carriage as well as the horse narrowly escaped serious and perhaps fatal injuries. The horses were subsequently captured at Schwenkewitz. One of the animals was somewhat injured, though not seriously, while the other seemed to be none the worse for his exhibition of speed.

Matrimony.

On Saturday morning, August 30, at St. Luke's Reformed Parsonage, Trappe, Pa., by the Rev. H. T. Spangler, Mr. Edwin M. Lockhart and Miss Ida V. Dull, both of Roversford, Pa.

On Wednesday, August 27, Dr. J. S. Morey, of Roversford was wedded to Miss Mary Newborn of the same place. Rev. Chas. B. Furman performed the ceremony. The Dr. and his bride are abroad on a ten days trip to Niagara Falls and other places of interest.

Tuesday, August 29, at the parsonage, 1605 South Broad street, Philadelphia, by Rev. Ernest R. Casaday, Mr. Frank C. Kline and Miss Lillie Wamaker, both of the Quaker city, were united in matrimony. The groom was a former resident of this township.

Tuesday evening, last week, August 28, a Lutheran church, Trappe, was the scene of a pretty wedding, the contracting parties being Mr. Reuben Winter, Jr., of Roversford and Miss Jennie Lewis, of Limerick. The ceremony was performed by Rev. James Lewis, brother of the bride assisted by Rev. E. T. Kretschmann. The ushers were C. G. Kehl, Limerick; David Evans, Limerick, and John L. Markley and J. S. Bardman, of Roversford.

Religious.

Episcopal services at St. James' church, Evansburg, one mile from Collegeville, every Sunday at 10½ a. m., and 3 p. m. Rev. A. J. Barrow, rector. St. Luke's Reformed church, Trappe, Rev. H. T. Spangler pastor. Services next Sunday at 10 a. m. and 7.45 p. m. Sunday School 9.45 a. m., Christian Endeavor meeting 7 p. m.

In the Almshouse Grove.

The joint picnic of the Lutheran and Reformed Sunday Schools of Trappe and the Reformed and Lutheran Sunday Schools of Roversford, in the Almshouse grove last Saturday, was well represented by members of the schools named and the occasion afforded the children much pleasure.

Next Saturday the Garwood Sunday School picnic will attract hundreds of visitors to the same grove, if the weather is favorable.

The Turf.

There will be another meeting of those interested in turf amusements at the Collegeville Driving Park on Saturday, September 13, and a number of speed contests will be engaged in. The classes will be varied so as to accommodate all who may wish to add their share of entertainment to the event. It is expected that Ploughboy and Barney, both honored veterans of the farm and road, will be driven a half-mile heat at the opening of the races.

From Roversford.

At a recent meeting of the Fernwood Cemetery Company, John S. Penny-packer received the contract to erect the chapel, the sexton's house, and the fence around the cemetery. The building will be of brick and will cost about \$3,500.

The Spring City Glass Works, the Diamond Glass Works and the Roversford Glass Works went into operation Monday, giving employment to about 250 men and boys. The Roversford Glass Works will not be able to start their No. 2 factory for a few days as the gas apparatus is not yet finished.

Church Meeting.

The Trustees of Trinity church, of this village, have called for a meeting of the congregation to be held on Thursday afternoon, the 11th inst., at 3 o'clock, the main object of said meeting being to get a proper expression of the wishes of said congregation in the matter of, at this time, making the much needed repairs of the church building, and what shall be the extent and character of the repairs to be made. As announced from the pulpit on Sunday morning last, it is strongly urged that there should be a general attendance of all persons interested in the welfare of the church, as matters of great importance may come up for due consideration.

Narrow Escape From Drowning.

A. R. Place, Esq., member of the law firm of Hallman & Place, Norristown and a son of Israel Place of Black Rock, this township, narrowly escaped drowning at Atlantic City last Friday. He was out fishing with a party of friends when the high seas capsize the boat. There were three men and two boys in the party who clung to the rigging and sides of the boat for thirty minutes before they were finally rescued. The waves were running very high all the while and pleasure yachts kept hovering around them but could render no assistance as it would have been death to have ventured too near the capsize boat. A Menhaden steamer a mile and a half distant finally espied them and putting on all steam ran within 300 yards where they were. By good fortune they happened to have a surf boat to which fact Mr. Place says the entire party owes their lives.

A Remarkable Instance of Forgetfulness.

J. W. Missimer, conductor on the Norristown branch of the P. & R. R., tells of a remarkable incident which happened on his train the other day. He left Norristown at 7.25 a. m. and was speeding away down by Potts Landing, when a woman rushed up to him hastily and wished him to stop and let her off; she had forgotten her little girl in the Norristown depot and said she would walk all the way back and get her. Conductor Missimer said he could not stop without an order from the superintendent, but the woman and her husband insisted and argued and "wailed" about the loss of their child. The kindly knight of the ticket-punch suggested a way out of the trouble, which was finally adopted. He directed the father to write a dispatch to Norristown directing the forgotten youngster to be sent on to the city, which was telegraphed back from Conshohocken and fixed the matter all right.

Opening at Ursinus.

The opening at Ursinus of the Fall term of 1890 was one to be remembered on account of several things.

The number of students which returned on the first day was very large, showing an eager desire to come back to the scene of many labors and strengthening the impression that the faculty tries to make the college and its surroundings pleasant to every one.

On Tuesday morning at the ringing of the bell the students assembled in the chapel for the regular morning service. Dr. Super conducted the services, which consisted of a reading of a portion of Scripture, singing of a hymn, and then he announced the reading of the opening address. This was read by Prof. Peters. His subject was "The Problem of Evolution." He ably discussed the subject from the two points of view and brought to notice the sayings of many eminent scientists who deny the truth of "Darwin's Hypothesis." At the close of the address, which was somewhat lengthy, he was heartily applauded. Dr. Super then made a few more remarks in regard to

school work which were supplemented by the other instructors. As has been stated, Dr. Good will take up the work of our much lamented president. Prof. Custer is Vice Principal of the Academic department, and Prof. Ballet, formerly of Palatine College, will take the classes in Latin and History.

The showing of new scholars is very good. More have presented themselves than for some time.

Among the persons attending the chapel services other than students were Revs. H. A. Bomberger, H. T. Spangler and J. H. Hendricks, and A. Bomberger, Esq.

But among all these causes of rejoicing and gladness there is an undertone of sorrow which will not be hushed. We have lost not only a friend and a father, but friends and a professor. Death came with his terrible scythe and mowed down the old and young alike. We mourn for our President, we mourn for our Professor and we mourn for our schoolmate. May they rest in peace until the final awakening. TORRON.

Dr. Bomberger's Will.

The will of Rev. J. H. A. Bomberger, D. D., LL. D., the late President of Ursinus College, was admitted to probate last week. The document is in the testator's handwriting and is closely written on both sides of a sheet of ordinary cap paper. It is dated September 20, 1889, and is witnessed by Walter Bomberger. After giving directions as to funeral arrangements and naming Rev. H. T. Spangler, of Trappe, and A. W. Bomberger, Esq., of Norristown, executors, the will proceeds:

I direct that my library be disposed of as follows: To Ursinus College I donate all the books designated in a certain paper list deposited with the present librarian, Prof. M. Peters.

To this list my children may add at their pleasure other volumes and pamphlets.

The rest of my library I leave to my children and grandchildren to be fairly divided among themselves.

As to manuscripts and letters found on hand I commit the disposal of them to my sons, natural or by marriage, according to their best judgment. Some of the letters and memoranda may have value for true annals of the church.

My memorial watch, a prized pledge-gift from the College, I give back to the College to be carefully mounted and preserved as a memento of our common oath of fidelity to the Gospel principle on which Ursinus College was founded, and which it is under the most sacred obligation to maintain.

The testator bequeaths the proceeds of a five-thousand-dollar life insurance policy to his children.

From Limerick.

The Young People's Social Literary Society at its last meeting in Kern's school house adjourned to meet on the first Friday evening in September, but as the new school house is not yet finished the meeting must necessarily be postponed a week or two longer, of which due notice will be given.

Misses Lillie H. and Lizzie M. Johnson were visiting relatives at Parkerford last week.

The interment of Mrs. Reuben W. Tyson, in Fernwood cemetery, was an informal dedication of the new grounds. The grave was dug by Benj. Schlicher, of Trappe, and although a heavy rain followed on the day of the funeral it was perfectly dry, thus proving it to be a desirable place for burial purposes.

An effort is being made by the citizens of Parkerford and Linfield to have the Schuylkill bridge free at that place. A meeting was held in Kendall's Hall, Linfield, on Monday evening, to take action in the matter. This is the last toll bridge between Pottsville and Philadelphia.

The parade of the K. G. E., at Roversford, last Wednesday, reminded us of what a certain boarder said when asked how he liked his board; he replied "Oh, its good enough what's it of." The parade was good enough, but there was so little of it. We met a man who had walked all the way from Trappe to "take it in," and he pronounced it a "pretty bad kind of a 'fizzle.'" We advised him to head one of Josh Billings' saying, in the future: "Blessed is he who expecteth nothing, and he shall not be disappointed."

John Doe and Richard Roe.

MR. EDITOR:—I have been peculiarly gratified in hearing that my brother's reformation has taken place. I am happy to know that he still craves light upon this very important subject. And, although I have not been able to find his creed, I will take the privilege of calling him Brother Doe. He seems to ask my attention to horse racing on the Sabbath, and modes of worship. He says, "And I myself deplored the (horse racing on the Sabbath) had effects until my attention was called to the continued racing of a number of brethren on their way home from church Sabbath after Sabbath. I was sorry for them, but I condemn the world I must condemn the church." What in the world, Brother Doe, do you mean by this? You seem to defend horse racing on the Sabbath. What do you mean by this? You say you deplored the effects of Sabbath horse racing until you saw your brethren at it. Do you mean that you knew it was right? Then you say you were sorry for them. After you thought it was right you say if you condemn the world you must condemn the church. Would you like to condemn them because it is right or because it is wrong? Then you say you will not condemn the world because you would condemn the church in doing it, so you let it go by without any condemnation whatever and try to make it appear right. Brother Doe, there is a science called "Logic" which calls the above sentences a dilemma and their meaning either negative or positive. You say, Brother Doe, that you have been powerfully impressed with the commandment, "to do unto others as you would that others should do unto you," and that you have the privilege of "worshipping under your own vine and fig tree." Here, brother, do not misconstrue. They never have reference to excusing any one from doing wrong. Because we desire good we should give good. As to the matter of horses, Brother Doe, I think this explains it. Should I be giving by your house with a tired horse, and finding it refuse to go and should whip him shamefully,

you, because you are a good Christian man, would stop. Should I say "Let me alone under my own vine and fig tree," do unto others as you would that others should do unto you, would you not quote to me "blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy," "Be merciful to your beast," etc. I hope you see what I mean. Think also what is meant by "Remember the Sabbath to keep it holy," and "nor his ox, nor his ass shall labor." Brother Doe, I don't know your creed. I have learned many volumes over to find in their leaves a rustle of the views you have given us. No orthodox book can I find with them in. You speak of different modes of keeping the Sabbath. Brother Doe, you are a Christian and consequently you follow the Bible. Because you follow the Bible there is but one way of spending the Sabbath. You speak of it as a matter of opinion. It is a matter of right and wrong. This seems to follow the Scientific or Evolution theories. So it may be the evolution of an opinion, fully evolved and mature in itself but as Logic, a very convincing science says that many opinions are opinions contrary to the fact. In wondering as to your creed, Brother Doe, I can find but one probable explanation. That is that the many things which you say you have yet to learn are the Lord's Prayer, the Sermon on the Mount, the Ten Commandments, the Apostles Creed, and the other part of the Bible. Brother Doe asks "How long shall we tolerate the restrictions placed on our rights?" To be brief, I will tell him that these restrictions come from the Bible. God has instituted them, and in order to find fault with them you must be at variance with the Bible, the commandments of the God you love and to whom you have so lately given yourself in conversion. Don't quibble with it nor call horse racing on the Sabbath one of the people's rights. And although few preachers in the community would have the backbone to speak of it, it would nevertheless be a violation from keeping the Sabbath holy. As to telling how to spend the Sabbath I will wait until a future issue. As to the question, "Am I right?" I will say you might find a science in some of our "modern" teaching, but with testimony gathered from the BIBLE I will declare it seriously wrong, which assertion I will prove at any desired time. Hoping, Brother Doe, I have proved some little things for you and asking you for further correspondence on the subject, I am yours fraternally,
RICHARD ROE.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.
LUCAS CUNY.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner in the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of HALL'S CATARRH CURE, sold by Druggists, 75 cents.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1889.
A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75 cents.

Look Here, Farmers!

DO YOU WANT TO BUY THE
FERTILIZERS
THAT DREW FIRST PRIZES IN 1889? IF SO, GO TO
L. B. WISMER, COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

Who has received a large car load of the
--MAPES FERTILIZERS--
He will treat you fair and give you honest goods.
4sep.3t

CHARTER NOTICE!

In the Court of Common Pleas of Montgomery county, Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the said Court on Monday, the 6th day of October, A. D., 1890, at 10 o'clock, A. M., under the Act of Assembly entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29th, 1874, and the supplements thereto, by Reiner K. Koons, Norman Moore, John W. Barry, James S. Cassel, and Albert Heiser, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called the Eagleville Cornet Band, the character and object of which is the promotion of music and the instruction and practice by private rehearsals and public performances, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges conferred by the said Act and its supplements. The application for the charter is now on file in the Prothonotary's office at Norristown.
28au.
JOSEPH FORNANCE, Solicitor.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS!

All persons, blackberry pickers as well as sportsmen, are forbidden to trespass upon the premises of the undersigned in Lower Providence township. All offenders will be dealt with according to law.
17jy2m
T. J. DAVIS.

FOR SALE!

Three shares of Perkiomen and Sunnyside Turnpike Stock. For further particulars apply at
7au.
THIS OFFICE.

FOR RENT!

To a small family, or to single gentlemen, several rooms in "Glenwood Cottage," opposite Grosz Hotel.
4sep.
J. W. SUNDERLAND.

WANTED!

Empty sugar and cracker barrels. Will pay 12 cents for good barrels. Apply to
21au.
F. P. FARINGER, Collegeville, Pa.

SATISFACTION.

IF YOU ARE NOT satisfied with the fertilizers you have been using, hereafter apply Baugh's Bone and Potash Compound.
IF YOU DO NOT believe in commercial fertilizers, test Baugh's Animal Bone 25 Phosphate and carefully note results.
IF YOU WANT strictly pure bone, order Baugh's Raw Bone Meal.
IF YOU WANT a high priced fertilizer, order Baugh's New Process 10 per cent. Guano. It is richer than Peruvian.
IF YOU WANT a double ground and bottled Land Plaster, pure and sweet Baugh's Genuine Nova Scotia Plaster.
IF YOU WANT Agricultural Chemicals send to Baugh's for Nitrate of Soda, Muriate of Potash, High Grade Sulphate of Potash, Etc., etc. Also Acidulated S. C. Phosphate Rock, A. A. Nitrogen, and other first-class articles which we manufacture and import.
ASK FOR OUR pamphlet, price-list, and all information helpful to you in deciding where to place your order so as to secure unquestionable goods at low prices from a responsible house.
Address: BAUGH & SONS COMPANY, 20 S. Delaware Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. Write—Root of Morris to Morris St., Del. River. Original Mfrs. of Raw Bone Phosphate.

PUBLIC SALE OF

FRESH COWS!

Will be sold at public sale, on FRIDAY, SEPT. 5, 1890, at Smoyer's hotel, Trappe, 30 head of fresh cows and springers from Lebanon and Lancaster counties. This is excellent stock, selected with care. Sale to commence at 2 o'clock, p. m. Conditions by SILAS W. FISHER, AGENT.
J. G. Fetterolf, auct. C. U. Bean, clerk.

SHORT NOTICE PUBLIC SALE!

—OF HEAVY—
FRESH COWS!

Will be sold at public sale, on WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1890, at Smoyer's hotel, Trappe, 20 head of fresh cows and springers from Western Penna. Some weigh over 1500 pounds. This is excellent stock, selected with care. Sale to commence at two o'clock. Conditions by
WILLIAM WIESE.

J. G. Fetterolf, auct.
C. U. Bean, clerk. 4sep.

EXECUTORS' SALE OF

REAL ESTATE.

Will be sold at public sale on THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1890, at the late residence of Henry W. Swartley, in Grater's Ford, Montgomery county, Pa., the following real estate and personal property of said deceased: Tract No. 1 consists of a stone dwelling house, three stories high, built on purpose for two families, with 8 rooms and outkitchen in each part of the house; fine barn and all other necessary outbuildings. Plenty of good water in the house and barn. The lot on which the buildings stand contains 8½ acres of land. A number of fruit and shade trees are on the premises. Tract No. 2 contains two acres of land containing a fine barn and all other necessary outbuildings. Plenty of good water at the house and barn. A number of fruit and shade trees. Any person desiring to see either property can call on the parties residing thereon. Tract No. 2 will be sold on premises of Tract No. 1.

At the same time and place will be sold the following personal property of said deceased: Oil stove, farmer's boiler, step ladder, wheelbarrow, lot wagon, falling-top wagon, one shed cart, one horse, one cow, one pig, one sheep, one sleigh, saddle, lot of lumber of various grades, large number of wheelwright tools, old desk, ladder, work bench, vine, two sets of single harness, lot of manure, and many other articles by day of sale. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, p. m., when conditions will be made known by
SALOME H. SWARTLEY,
H. D. SWARTLEY, Executors.

S. R. Shupe, auct. S. H. Orr, clerk. 28au.

PUBLIC SALE OF

REAL ESTATE.

A LARGE AND PRODUCTIVE FARM.

Will be sold at public sale, on THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1890, on the premises, by the undersigned Executors, the following real estate of Esther Allebach, deceased: A farm of 126 acres, more or less, situated in Lower Providence township, Montgomery county, bounded by lands of John Fry, Joshua Heubner and others, and by a public road leading from the old Shrewsbury mill to Eagleville, one mile west of latter place. The improvements are a double stone house with 5 rooms and entry on first floor, 7 rooms on second floor; at rear, a well of water near the door. Stone barn, 60x75 feet, stabling for 10 horses and 25 cows; well of water at barn; a well of water at house; a variety of thrifty trees. Other fruit trees, grape vines, &c. The land is fertile and in a good state of cultivation and is divided into convenient fields. This property is well watered and furnishes an extensive view of the surrounding country for miles. Anyone wishing to view the premises prior to the day of sale will call on H. H. Allebach, residing at the last place. Sale to commence at 2 o'clock, p. m. Conditions by
GARRET H. ALLEBACH,
DAVID H. ALLEBACH, Executors of Estate of Esther Allebach, dec'd.
J. G. Fetterolf, auct. I. H. Johnson, clerk.

A FINE HOME FOR SALE.

The undersigned will sell at private sale that fine home located on the Norristown pike, a few hundred yards below Perkiomen Bridge, in Lower Providence township, consisting of an almost new and substantially and conveniently built house, containing 12 full rooms and 2 attic rooms, celled a commodious barn, and all necessary outbuildings in first-class repair. The property is situated on a very productive land and yields abundant crops. Ample supply of pure water. Fruit and shade trees in abundance. The house and barn and other improvements were erected only a few years ago, and everything about the place is in excellent order. No one, wishing a first-class property in every respect, can afford to miss this opportunity to secure a fine home. For further particulars apply to
A. H. GOTTSCHALL,
Collegeville, Pa.

FOR SALE!

Will be sold at private sale the popular and very favorably located business stand, known as the COLLEGEVILLE CARRIAGE WORKS, including a large wheelwright shop, paint shop, carriage warroom and blacksmith shop, together with a substantial three-story dwelling house and a fine stable and a lot of land. This property is most profitably and advantageously located: the intersection of the Ridge and Germantown turnpikes, near Perkiomen Bridge. The carriage and blacksmith business has been carried on at this point for years, and a better business stand of its kind does not exist between Philadelphia and Reading. For further particulars apply at
19ju.
THIS OFFICE.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of J. H. A. Bomberger, late of Upper Providence township, Montgomery county, deceased. Letters testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay, to
HENRY T. SPANGLER, Trappe, Pa.,
A. W. BOMBERGER, Norristown, Pa., Executors.

ESTATE NOTICE!

Estate of Joel Fink, late of Upper Providence, Montgomery county, deceased. Letters of administration with will annexed on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those

